

The World.

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THE COAL FAMINE.

Coal at \$6.50 a ton, the official price, appears to be a theory. The actual condition that confronts the customer is that it is not to be had at that figure. If he is willing to pay \$7 he may get a little, and at the rate of \$8 he will be able to fill his bin if the bin is not too capacious. The east side consumer, buying it in palisades, is still paying prohibitive prices.

It is alleged in explanation of this shortage of coal in the city, generally suspected to be an artificial shortage, that the mines are producing only about 60 per cent. of their normal output and that much of this is diverted to the West. The operators maintain, however, that they are shipping a living supply to New York. The Erie is bringing in 5,000 tons a day and the entire arrival of anthracite yesterday is put at about 39,000 tons. Where does it go?

Does all of it reach the retailer here in the city or is a large part held in storage in the "pockets" near the roads' New Jersey terminals? How much of it do the wholesalers and the speculators get, their larger purchases crowding out the retailers?

If the present restrictions continue let the operators show an earnest of their good intentions by selling direct to the consumer, as they did to a limited extent during the latter days of the strike. A dealer seeking to profit from a public necessity in time of famine deserves to be driven out of business.

TESTIMONY OF THE EYE.

A young woman was murdered in a Boston suburb a fortnight ago and some one, presumably the murderer, pawned her watch in a Boston pawnshop. The pawnbroker was sure he could identify the person who had pledged the timepiece and six prisoners, among them the one against whom suspicion was directed, were lined up before him for his inspection in the East Cambridge Jail. The pawnbroker unhesitatingly picked out the man, but unfortunately for the State's case and for his own accuracy of eye the man was not the person under suspicion nor one whose name could be linked with the crime.

So much for the testimony of the eye, than which no other of the senses is less trustworthy. Yet here in a New York court-room a feeble woman not conspicuously strong of mind is permitted to identify a man as the one she saw mailing a package at the General Post-Office in the dusk of a December evening four years ago and also to testify as to her recollection of the address written on the package seen for only a moment in the uncertain light. And her testimony is made much of on the ground of its importance by the learned counsel in the case. She is credited with an ability to do after a lapse of years what a dealer trained to the suspicious scrutiny of the faces that present themselves at his window showed himself unable to do after an interval of a week.

We must regard the admission of the Anna Stephenson evidence in the Molinoux case as one of the most preposterous episodes of that extraordinary trial.

PENNYWISE ECONOMY.

In the suit against the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad by the administrators of the estate of a brakeman killed in the collision of two freight trains on that road it has been shown that the engineer responsible for the collision had been on duty for sixty-one hours with less than seven hours' sleep. At the time of the accident he had been working continuously for thirty-six hours and when sent out on his "run" had begged to be relieved because of physical exhaustion.

It was costly economy that sanctioned this overworking of an employee. The accident, while incidentally killing three men, wrecked both locomotives and twenty cars and destroyed thousands of dollars' worth of freight. It cost the road more than the year's wages of a hundred engineers. The railroad company is one of the richest in the country, its stock pays large dividends, it enjoys a monopoly of the bulk of the passenger and freight traffic between New York and Boston. Its penny-wise policy in the treatment of this employee, at least, did not pay.

FOOD FOR RIGHTEOUS THOUGHT.

Once again a Mormon is striving for a seat in our Senate, and once again the staunch defenders of our hearths and homes have arisen in their moral might to thwart the machinations of the ungodly.

Reflecting that this Mormon has never practised polygamy and considering the moral character of some of our revered legislators, gentlemen who escape the charge of polygamy by the technicality of dispensed with weddings, who practise discreet Mormonism on the instalment plan and whose moral eligibility for our Senate remains unchallenged by the orthodox, a certain historical story does not appear inappropriate:

A certain great and pious King of France was much agitated by reason of his son's intimacy with a well-known prelate whom he strongly suspected of leanings toward Calvinism. Hearing the King express his fears that his son's religious beliefs would be corrupted by this heresy, a courtier remarked: "But, Sir, this prelate is no Calvinist, he is an atheist!" "Ah," exclaimed the great King, entirely reassured, "in that case all is well!"

THE REWARDS OF VIRTUE.

That disgraceful cynic by the name of Fate seems to be having a lot of sardonic fun with those good men who would uplift poor sinners to their own bright heights of saintliness.

Some months ago a gentleman who believed that salvation and alcohol were incompatible announced his intention of delivering a lecture on the subject. But Fate must have played a cruel shell game on him, for thinking that he was finding salvation he found alcohol instead, and when he appeared on the platform it was the wrong spirit that moved him.

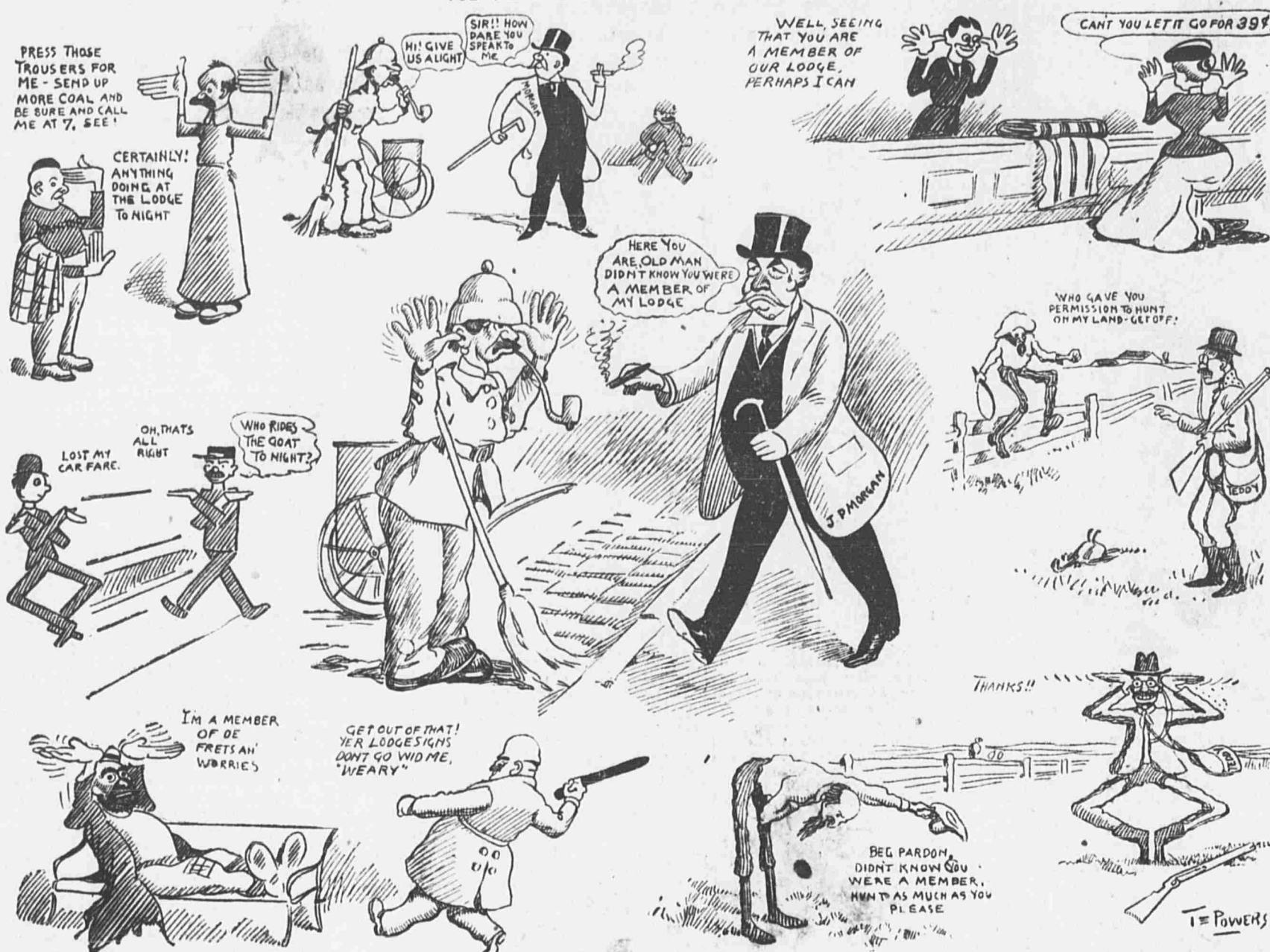
Now arises the sad case of Dr. Ide, who thought to guide his fellow men into the straight and narrow path with an essay on morals. But lo and behold! this essay begins its career of redemption by giving rise to an accusation of bigamy against the unfortunate Dr. Ide which has hastily driven that worker in the cause of righteousness far from the scenes of his labors.

Truly if the whole-souled efforts of the elect for our good are to receive such scurvy recompense it looks shockingly as if before long we should have to seek our salvation each in his own amateurish way alone and pitifully without expert assistance.

Some of the "Couch builders" are constructing a new-class cabriolet and an armored brougham for a "Middie Drive" customer. The armor belt in the case of the brougham is one-tenth of an inch thick "around the body of the vehicle, like the lining of a man's coat." It has to come, and when the armor plate is made a little thicker the automobiles will not have the roadways easy to travel.

When the President's "Brotherhood Cure" Is Used.

As Artist Powers Foresees It.



President Roosevelt believes that a Masonic spirit could do more than everything else to settle labor troubles and other vicissitudes. While none can deny the sterling truth of this, Artist Powers goes a step further and suggests the utopian atmosphere which might reign could all men join the same lodge. The tradition-

GOOD REASON.



"He's awful proud an' haughty."
"Guess you'd be, too, if Terry McGovern's kid had flicked you."

WHAT'S THE USE.



Visitor—And aren't you going to send your son to college, Mrs. Brisk?
Mrs. B.—No; we've concluded it's useless. You see, his hair is so thin that there's no hope of his ever getting on the football team.

RECKLESS.



Timmy—You say yez was down in Finnigan's last night?
Mickey—Yes, I was treatin' de gang. I splint tin clints widout movin'.

IN LONESOMEHURST.



"When are you going back to town?"
"Whenever our cook does."

A DOUBLE LOVE STORY, by Joseph Gregory.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

MARY LADY yawned politely behind her fan and looked distinctly tired. In her eyes was a gleam of interest as she glanced at the earnest face of the handsome young man before her—but it was only a gleam, and an instant later took form as an expression of utter boredom.

"I don't doubt that you mean it all, Percy," she said, "that is now, but how about next week or next year?"

"Margery," burst in the young man with blazing eyes, "I—"

"Yes, I know all about it," she interrupted, with a smile, such a warm and glassy smile. "You forget that I have had several seasons of it, and I have seen a good deal of other people's affairs, besides what I have experienced myself. It is dreadfully serious for the moment, and it does seem that one would really do something desperate if one can't have one's way. But if one can't, then one goes one's way, and pretty soon the battle and the dinner and the yachting parties and the golf links and all that sort of thing make one forget—and—and—don't you see, that's all there is to it—until the next affair comes along, and then there's another little drama which threatens to become a tragedy. Ah! if one does get one's way, forsooth, why, then there's a grand wedding and a great show and a trip abroad and in a little while the happy twain are pursuing their divers ways—in society and at the club, or in much the same old rut, only the little spark of romance they both thought was ahead is now behind, and the pretty old world is profligate and more hopeless and unendurable than ever. No, Percy, I like you immensely, but don't let's spoil such good fellowship as ours to go chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. Let's our misfortune to have been here in an age and a set where romance is a tradition and love a memory. Let's make the best of it."

And she laughed a merry little laugh, albeit the merriment was tinged with a suggestion of harshness—if anything which fell from the full, red lips of Mary Lady could be described as harsh.

The youth flushed to the ears at this speech, and when Mary Lady had concluded he broke in passionately, with hands clenched, jaw set, head thrown back and eyes blazing:

"It's a lie—it's all a mendacious lie—this talk that people of our class—people who are born with good blood in their veins and who have the opportunities for education and culture and development have no hearts! You are deluding yourself, but you cannot delude me. I love you—yes, I love you as much as though I was an impossible clerk and you a factory girl, and I always will love you. You will make your choice now—for love and happiness for the old life, with its hollow-ness, as you have pointed out so well. But if you choose against love you will always know that you were once face to face with honest love—and Margery I want you always to remember that my love will never change, and so long

cause of your splendid earnestness and enthusiasm. But, believe me, I have had the most experience, and you will live to thank your lucky stars that I send you away."

Mary Lady really was tired of it all, and she proved it effectually by deserting the fashionable resorts at the very height of the season and fleeing into the far West, where she found a change of scene at least, on a farm consisting of wooded hills and half-cleared prairies. Always a close observer and always

long in observing that Mary flushed under his covetous gaze and ever and anon made him a sign. One day Mary Lady in a shady nook looking over the fields and up into the monotonous sky and trying to read betimes, when the sound of voices in the adjoining field aroused her. It was John and Mary. They had met as he was taking the horses in after a hard day at the plough and Mary was on the way home from driving the cows to a new pasture.

"Mary," he said earnestly looking into her face, "you look so tired, girl."

"I am, John," she replied wearily. "It is a bit harder this summer because of the lady at the house. It makes more work, but she pays so much that I don't mind it. I make two payments this fall instead of one, he thinks. You are workin' hard yourself, John."

"Yes, drat it, both o' us workin' out our lives and no nearer to a home o' our own than three years ago. I'm tired o' it, Mary, that I am. Can't we go 'way and set up for ourselves. We kin git along somehow—and there'll be the love to kinder keep up contented like even if the work is just as hard."

"No, John," she replied, looking him full in the eye. "My folks can't spare me till the mortgage is lifted. We'll just have to wait. But bein' as we love each other we can wait patiently, can't we, John?"

"Oh, I suppose so," replied John, complacently, "but I'm powerful tired o' waitin'."

"If yer want yer promise back, John, ye can have it," rejoined the girl quickly.

John dropped the reins and stepped forward with bowed head and eyes on the ground.

"Forgive me, Mary," he said humbly. "I didn't mean nothin' like that. Ye know 'at I'll wait fer yer 'long as I live. There ain't no other girl. I'm only a man and git impatient. Yer a woman an' an angel. Forgiver me an' let me wait fer you, will ye?"

"But it is goin' to be many years," replied the girl, and I am gettin' older all the time. Mabel you ought to take up with some girl who is more like before hand yer life is gone."

"There ain't no other girl," exclaimed the man passionately. "I want you and none else and I'll make 'em crack o' doom fer ye. An' I won't pester ye no more, but when you are ready make the best bit o' a sign and I'll come to ye."



"FORGIVE ME, MARY," HE SAID HUMBLY.

as I breathe I will come to you at the slightest sign you may make."

Mary Lady looked at the flushed and earnest young face before her with a mixture of admiration and pity. "Believe me, Percy," she said, seriously, "I appreciate the honor you have done me and I appreciate your earnestness and honesty; but it cannot be. I would do you a great injustice if I accepted the offer you make. I could give only husks. God knows I am tired of it all, but I see no way but to go on and endure it as best I may. If I have encouraged you in this way to believe it could be different, pray forgive me. I have always liked you the more be-

analytically. My Lady became intensely interested in the life about her. True, it was hard and unendurable; true it was narrow and discouraging; true it seemed hopeless and pitiful, but they were so brave and uncomplaining that she marvelled.

And in the midst of all the poverty and the waiting and the toll, a thread of romance ran. Her practised eye saw it at once. John, the sturdy blue-eyed son of the owner of the next clearing, eyed with longing glances Mary, the buxom daughter of the house where Mary Lady occupied the best of the poor apartments. And Mary Lady was not

A Few Remarks.

Mostly on the Topics of the Day.

One week more of grace for New York sort coal.

The profits on Kaiser Bill Hohenzollern's new drama may be styled royalty's royalties.

Prince Samditch Maha Chowfa, &c., wouldn't climb to the top of a Pittsburgh skyscraper. There are heights to which even royal blood hesitates to follow the American hustler.

She had been watching a tennis game. Finally she turned to her mother. "Mamma," she said, "I wish you'd buy me one of those openwork shingles that they hit the ball with."—Chicago Post.

The wild-eyed college student now may check his awesome yell:

A two year course in painting has been started in Cornell;

So college-bred of the future may hope to win renown

By painting worthier objects than the poor, long-suffering town.

"He's been telling the same funny stories all the way from Kansas to India."

"That's carrying a joke too far."

How many political aspirants who were your bosom friends a week ago have crossed the street to shake hands with you to-day?

A number of ladies began to discuss the virtues of their respective husbands, when every other topic was introduced.

"My husband," said one, "never drinks and never swears—indeed, he has no bad habits."

"Does he ever smoke?" some one asked.

"Yes, he likes a cigar just after he has eaten a good meal. But I suppose an average fellow doesn't smoke more than once a week."

Some of her friends laughed, but she didn't seem to understand.—Chicago Journal.

"Why are penitential law school graduates always referred to as 'rising' lawyers. I wonder?"

"Probably because their luck's already so low that they can't move in any other direction."

The loser's motto this week is "Pay! Pay! Pay!"

Her hair was raven black.

Black hair she'd always hated;

She tried to make it golden.

So now she wears it "platined."

Was it because of the hoodoo that has perched on his recent prophecies that Senator Platt guardedly said he would "probably consent to go back to the Senate," or was it because the feebleness of years is fast putting him outside the Senatorial "Sluggin' Class?"

"Football" mused the automobilist. "Is too tame a sport for a man of spirit. No one gets killed except the players themselves."

"I say, didn't I see you running down the street yesterday, with Bill Dounce after you?"

"Yes."

"What did you run away for?"

"I was only 'runnin' so far as to get him away from his dog, so as his mother couldn't see him fightin', but by the time he was out of sight of his house we got in sight of our own. I guess, as my mother would see me if I stopped to let him, I went in as far as to be out of temptation."—Stray Story.

"How do you keep your wife from learning that your love for her has changed?"

"As long as I leave plenty of change

in my clothes she's too busy collectin' it to notice any change in me."

A tuft-hunting girl from Dubuque was anxious to marry a duke.

But she hadn't the dough,

So she (the records will show) The enterprise turned out a fluque.

Too many financial intermezzi and too little orchestral harmony brought down the Mascagni curtain prematurely.

What would the woman who fainted when she won a horse race have done if she had won the Presidency?

Father Plunkard says: "Boys move along the line of least resistance."

Somewhat a host of tattered carpets and prematurely worn-out clothes would seem to give the lie to this idea of boys' smoothness of motion.

Tawk—it's funny how every young man, as soon as he becomes engaged, starts saving his money to go to house-keeping.

Henpeck—Oh, I don't know! Nearly everybody is familiar now with that old injunction.

Tawk—What's that?

Henpeck—"In time of peace prepare for war."—Philadelphia Record.

My husband never talks about the ples mother used to make."

"Really? I never knew he was an incubator baby?"

Congressmen in the coming speaker who brave the wrath of the Speaker may need the courage which leads men to brave the Canon's mouth.

The "long arm of coincidence" seems to stretch all the way from New York to Porto Rico, so far as election returns are concerned.

"Give me a chance! Every dog should have his day."

"Well, the dog-days are past for this year."

If those who said "all flesh is grass" lived in this Health Food day.

They'd think that flesh was now acquired by sweat, chaff and hay.

"Have you—aw—ever thought what you would do," asked the literary forger, always hated,

"If this structure should cave in when you were half way through?"

"Often," replied the Chicago man, "I should demand the return of my nickel."

And the literary foreigner made a memorandum in his notebook. He had discovered another interesting peculiarity in Americans.—Chicago Tribune.

"That boy of mine won't do a stroke of work. He just sits around all day and uses bad language to every one who speaks to him."

"Why not get him a job as janitor?"

"What can I do," wailed the widow, "to make

My poor husband's memory linger?"

And here the consolator made such a bad break:

"Why not tie a string round his finger?"

"Do you find married life 'one grand sweet song'?"

"Yes. A 'symphony in A Flat.'"

Of old it was said of lucky men that the stars in their courses fought for them. But nowadays a lot of stars are too much crippled by nervous prostration to do much fighting.

Letters, Queries and Answers.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly let me know whether election days are legal holidays in New York State.

ALEX WEISSBERG.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I say there is no law preventing President Roosevelt from dismissing his president

every four years. My friend says that he cannot hold his office longer than this term and another four years. Another friend of mine says that he can hold his office no longer than two terms besides this term he is now serving. Who is right?

L. F. S.

There is no law preventing a President from serving for an indefinite number of terms if he is elected to each. Washington set a precedent, however, of declining a third term nomination.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly let me know the proper way to pronounce the word "debut." A friend told me that the letter "b" is silent and I say you must pronounce the letter b in the word debts. Which is right?

F. APITZ.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I believe the way in which people seek divorce at the present time is wrong. It is ordered by the Almighty that each and every couple that promise to take each other "for better or for worse" should adhere to that promise and bear with each other in good fortune and in bad. There is no fault a husband or wife cannot cure. Let us have with all our hearts that divorces will occur less often in the future than they do now.

K. L. A.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is it proper for a young boy of fourteen years of age to raise his hat to a young lady acquaintance of his of about the same age?

E. F.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Penitence and a Suggestion.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"L. Carr" has a most worthy object. Still I think a clause should be inserted to protect men who are not masochists. In being thrown against a lady by a sudden start or stop, which is not uncommon on the electric cars, an "excuse me" may now be considered an excuse for an opening wedge to conversation, and we will think "that must be one of them."

In going around curves and making sharp turns, as the express

often does, by being accidentally thrown against her, she will think that it was done purposely, and "there is one of those fellows I have read about at his tricks again." Every move will be suspected. I fully uphold your cause against masochists, but I think, by printing this letter, it might save one or two innocent men from being classed as masochists.

JOSEPH COHEN.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If President Roosevelt should die who would become President? THREE.

A special election would be held. In the mean time the Secretary of State would act as President.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

More About Jersey Beauties.

Having read "I. Is" letter of Freehold, N. J., I can myself indorse his opinion about New Jersey girls. I live in Jersey City and can say that I have seen prettier girls there than yours in New York City. Let the New Yorkers convince themselves of the truth of this.

GEORGE BLOHM, Jersey City.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

No. to Both Questions.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Must I own a piece of property in order to vote in Rhode Island? Also, must I pay the sum of \$5 to vote in Massachusetts or Connecticut?

HENRY GRUBB.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In "Romola," by George Eliot.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am told there is a novel in which Savonarola prominently appears. If this is so, please let me know what it is, as I have to read a sketch of his life at our literary club.

MARY A.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A claim that "40" is spelled as "forty." B claims it can be spelled either "forty" or "fourty." Which is right?

R. & K.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can I become President of the United States if elected? I am a man born in this country, but my parents were born in Europe.

A. W.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Street Car Crowding.

The average man takes up far more than his allotted share in cable car seats. If every one could be forced to sit up straight and to sprawl, fewer people would have to stand. In cars, as in social life, the old motto "bear and forbear" holds good. A little consideration would make life easier for every one.